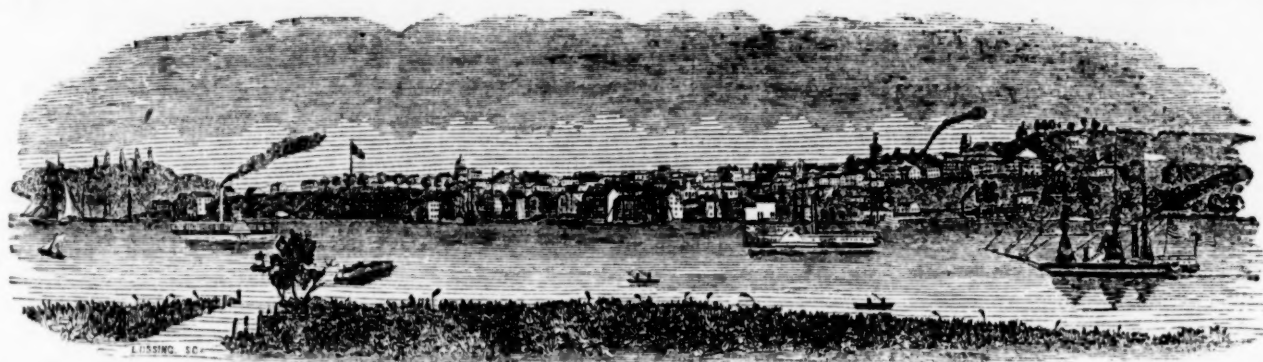


THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



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HARVEST HOME.



When Autumn freely yields
All her golden treasures,
Then those who reap the fields,
Partake of harvest pleasures.
This is harvest home;
Those who labor daily,
Well know 'tis sweet to come
And pass the evening gaily.
Then let each heart be light,
Here's no room for sorrow,
Joy holds her courts to-night,
Care may come to-morrow.

Then let the laborer wipe his brow,
For rest and plenty wait him,
Barn, cellar, rick or mow,
Are filled to recreate him.

Scythe, sickle, rake, and hoe,
All are now suspended,
Like trophies in a row,
For future use intended.

Now gay Pomona's store,
Past exertion blesses,
Rich streams of nectar pour,
Sparkling from her presses.
Full goblets streaming broad,
Crown the farmer's labors;
Those real bliss afford,
When shared by friendly neighbors.
Then let each heart be light,
Here's no room for sorrow,
Joy holds her courts to-night,
Care may come to-morrow.

TALES.

From the Olive Branch.

THE MUTE DOCTOR,

OR THE

MAN WITH MANY NAMES.

A TALE OF PASSION—BY M. L. S.

CHAPTER VIII.

A child with a Soul, but without a home.

ABOUT one hundred miles from the city nearly in the centre of the populous village of L— stood a large white mansion and by its side a brick store— The owner of these buildings sat one evening in his handsomely furnished drawing-room, in a comfortable cushioned arm-chair, with his feet upon the brass mountings of a highly polished stove. He was diminutive in stature, in intellect, in moral development, and in every respect a copyist. There were but two things that he knew or loved—money and popularity.

His face was small and withered, while over a low brow—rendered still meaner in appearance by the enormous width of the head—fell a mass of coarse straight black hair. His eyes were gray, sunken and wholly inexpressive of an in-dwelling soul. The ordinary expression of his countenance when alone was hard, dull and uninteresting, but when in the presence of others a sickening, servile and cringing smile constantly dwelt upon it; the quality of the smile always remaining the same—the quantity graduated according to the position in the scale of wealth or popularity which the person occupied with whom he had to deal.

Never was there a character so totally devoid of benevolence and goodness of heart. Had the clergyman of the place requested him to head a subscription for some popular charity, Eleazer Marble would immediately have written his name opposite fifty or one hundred dollars, and nearly starved his family for weeks afterwards. Mr. Marble had therefore acquired the reputation of being a liberal man, and his large subscriptions were every where spoken of. In business matters, he was the hero of misers. Was a ragged child of poverty to enter his shop with a single penny, for some slight articles, he never received more than half the quantity which

the well-dressed child of a wealthy man would have done. The half-cents and the quarters he always retained and it was a settled principle with him that the poorer the buyer, the higher the price. However, such as he was, he sat by the stove with one of the only three expressions which ever animated his dull, livid countenance—gratified acquiesciveness.

Opposite to him, sewing by a small night-lamp, sat his help-meet and faithfully she helped him on in the grovelling, earthly course he always pursued. She was large, bold and masculine, and the object of her life, though the same as her husband's was pursued through different channels.

Coarse, ugly, vulgar and domineering in domestic matters, she could so smooth the rough exterior when sufficient motive existed, that the elegance of her dress and the rich entertainments she gave, caused her to be tolerably well received among the aristocrats of the village.

It was a bitter cold night following a stormy day.—Mrs. Marble was dressed in a coarse woolen garment, without cap or ornament of any kind to relieve the exceeding harshness of her features. She knew that the storm would prevent the arrival of company, and having no self-respect, was therefore negligent of her person.

"Well," said she, in reply to some previous remark of her obsequious spouse, "you have disposed of the child at last. I am glad of that. She has been a bill of expense to us long enough and I could make nothing of her after all. To be sure she is nice and handy about the kitchen, and never retorts when I scold her; she is the tamest of all human beings, and that's one reason I hate her. But to have it flung in my face that she is my niece, and her mother never married, is too much; so pack her off—I'm heartily sick of her."

"I hate the girl as bad as you do," replied the husband, "but I would not send her away, till I had some good excuse to give the neighbors when they ask for her. I consented to take her into my house that I might establish my character for benevolence, and I wish to maintain that character though Heaven knows it is little enough the sulky jade with her great staring eyes, will get from me. But wife, she has saved us hiring a girl."

"Yes, I know it, and when Napoleon Bonaparte and Andalusia Madarina were little, I wanted her help; now I can do without her. Besides, it would hinder my children from rising in the world to have one of her stamp always with them, and if I should make only a servant of her, there would be a great deal of talk and fuss among the neighbors. The deceitful huzzy has contrived to get them all on her side."

"Well," rejoined the husband, with a sympathy truly worthy the cause and the man, "we and our virtuous children are soon to be rid of so bad a person and one item of expense will then be removed. We can now afford a piano and a new set of mirrors for the parlors. I shall send her to New-York with a friend of mine, who will proceed there in a few days. Once there, she may manage for herself, and I trust our respectable family will never again be annoyed by her presence."

"And I," continued the woman, anxious to have a hand in so worthy a deed, "will write to her mother that she would leave us in spite of our opposition, and that we know not where she is."

The innocent object of all this contrivance and abuse lay buried in sleep, unconscious of the inter-

est which was at present taken in her welfare. Let us enter her room. Ascending a flight of well-carpeted stairs with mahogany balustrade, a long entry several apartments and a narrow, steep staircase led to the attic. This room, directly under the roof was neither finished nor furnished. A few evergreens hung up during the preceding summer, some rough pencil drawings pasted upon the boards and a little flower-pot in which grew a rose, protected from the cold by a quantity of rags and bits of wood, were its only ornaments. A box which contained some clothes and a few books, served as a table.

Beneath an old quilt lay the sleeper—a lovely girl, nearly fifteen. The slightly upturned face revealed an oval cheek, soft brown complexion, fine glossy black hair scattered in a profusion of natural ringlets and a thin, delicate hand. Her countenance was tranquil and wore a sweet expression of subdued sadness. Her whole life had been sorrowful. She became conscious of her existence on the bosom of a young mother whose sad fate made it impossible for her to welcome her child with smiles, and she grew beneath the clouds of life, a quiet, patient, thinking being, in whom, nevertheless, there existed a fountain of deep and fervent love, the bright rays of which, tinged every object with which she came in contact.

Shame and neglect at length drove the unhappy mother from her native home, and confiding her child to the care of her sister and brother-in-law, left her to seek employment in the city.

Emily Manning was six years of age when she came to reside with her aunt, or rather became her servant. She was taught to practise the most rigid economy and forced to labor far beyond her strength; she became in fact a slave to the will of her relations. The children of her aunt, though much younger, were allowed to domineer over her, and she was the patient recipient of every one's combativeness and ill-nature.

"Emily," her aunt would say, "you stupid dunc, can't you ever learn to do anything? Here, take this child in your arms, carry him about and quiet him till I finish this piece of work; there, stand gazing into the street now, will you, and let the child fall—you are a provoking creature! Mind what you are about. You ought to be thankful that you can do the least thing for us in return for all our kindness to you, submitting to the degradation of having you in our house, and above all, acknowledging you as our relation, though you may be sure we should not have done that, if every body had not known it before. But you ought to be thankful that we keep you in our respectable house when all the neighbors know what sort of a child you are. Don't stand there crying—that's no way to express your gratitude—what ails you?"

"You hurt my feelings," replied the child endeavoring to restrain her tears and removing a fat heavy boy of two years from one slender arm to the other, her fragile form nearly sinking under the enormous weight.

"Your feelings!" continued the woman, coarsely regardless of her discomfort and tears, "what business have you with feelings? What do you expect to do with feelings when you go out into the world to earn your own bread?"

"I do not know, but I am sure God gave them to me and I am not to blame."

"Yes, you are just like your wicked mother; she was always talking about her feelings and you see

what a fine scrape she has got us all into; for my part, I am respectable—I don't have any feelings—you never see me star-gazing, reading newspapers and blubbing about my feelings. It is all of a piece; you will never come to any decent end till you quit these things."

Emily rebelled not; day after day she received these insulting insinuations and coarse scoldings, with a sweet, unruffled temper, almost angelic, thinking it a great luxury to weep a few moments by herself.

The only pleasant recollections she had, were connected with her mother, and a long separation instead of dimming their brightness, rendered them clearer and sweeter.

One condition of being received by her aunt was a promise on the part of Emily's mother not to visit her often, but to send her clothing. When, therefore, the desolate child occasionally received presents from her mother, she attached to them a love, a sacredness which could belong to nothing else and which were always the occasion of renewed scoldings from her hard-hearted relatives.

To her little cousins Emily had been a devoted sister. She had watched over them with the untiring assiduity of a mother and submitted to their whims with the obedience of a slave. Though weary of her life and ignorant of any other, she constantly longed for an existence of which she dreamed, but of which she could speak to no one about.

On the morning following the evening conversation of the relatives of Emily, Mrs. Marble was more than usually exacting, apparently fearful of not reaping every possible advantage from the child while she did remain.

Calling her at length, she said, "You are going away from us to earn your own living."

Emily had approached her aunt when summoned and anticipating some fresh commission for the kitchen, stood with her arms folded naturally, her eyes cast down and her countenance pale, serious and subdued as usual. When she heard the sentence uttered by Mrs. Marble, she slowly raised her eyelids, and fixing her large liquid eyes upon her, while a sweet and inexplicable smile stole gradually over her features, replied in a tone slightly animated, "Going away, Aunt? Do you really mean that I am going to leave you?"

This was spoken with such deep, real undisguised satisfaction, that Mrs. Marble's temper flew up in an instant, and seizing the child roughly by the arm exclaimed, "So you are glad to leave us, Miss, are you—glad to leave this nice respectable home where you have everything comfortable, and that too without ever earning a cent in return? You'll sing another song I reckon before the year is out, when you find yourself in some dark kitchen, working like a slave from morning till night."

"That is no more than I do here," patiently replied Emily, apparently emboldened by her anticipated departure.

"The impudent huzzy!" exclaimed the now enraged woman, giving her an extra shake; "after all we have done for her—kept her eight year like a lady, and now she is glad to go away and be a servant. Well—it is all we can expect from such people. Perhaps, Miss, you will have the goodness to tell me what you expect to do, when you go away from this excellent home."

"You say that I am going to be a servant and as that is what I have always been, I trust, I un-

derstand what my duties will be, only I hope no one will scold me as you do."

"Gracious Heaven? worse and worse? Do you call this scolding—this interest that I take in your welfare? I trust you will some day know by experience what *real* scolding is—yes, I hope you will *feel* it. You will find it as much more severe than my kind remarks, as the roaring of a lion is heavier than the crying of an infant. I scold you indeed!"

"Then I think God will let me die," submissively and mournfully replied the stricken girl.

"And now you must blasphemously talk of dying? that solemn and mysterious event named by your impious tongue? *you* die! Why, you have never been regenerated—never sanctified—never converted. There now, if ever there was such a heathenish child related to a respectable family! When you are gone who do you think will keep you from sin as I have done?"

"I do not know, but I think God will. I often feel as if his arms were about me, and a voice whispering to me that I should be relieved from this oppression if I am good."

"And so you have told all the neighbors that you are oppressed and treated like a servant, have you?"

"Oh no! how could I, when you have forbidden me to speak to any of them! Besides, I have forgiven you."

"You talking of forgiveness! *You!* an unregenerate child! a vile sinner!"

"Not vile, ma'am," interrupted Emily, an expression of conscious purity animating her countenance, "not vile. Oh no! I have always pure and sweet thoughts, and I do not wish you any evil, though you have never been kind to me."

The enraged woman could endure these simple truths no longer, but with her heavy hand gave her a blow upon the side of her head which sent her reeling to the floor, the blood spirting from her nose and mouth.

"There! you heap of ingratitude! you blasphemer of the Holy Book! A pretty pass we have come to when lazy vagrants like you, come into our houses and steal our food and clothing!"

Two weeks beheld Emily in that vast city without a friend or home, without money and with no clothing excepting that she wore. She was, upon her arrival, deserted by the man with whom she came, he having been directed by Mr. Marble, not to trouble himself about her.

She wandered the whole day through the streets, perfectly bewildered by the new and strange scene. She carried in her arms a flower-pot with a rose—the only thing she possessed. After calling at a number of houses and failing to obtain work, as night drew near, she, by accident, stopped at the rooms occupied by Dr. Boyd and Mrs. Gastone. The latter had long wished for some one to relieve her somewhat of the care of Ini, and touched with her pretty but sorrowful face and artless story, she bade her remain.

Here Emily's duties were so light, she was so kindly treated by Mrs. G. and so tenderly loved by Ini, that she fancied her existence a perfect one.

Once when she was standing beside Dr. Boyd, Mrs. Gastone uttered an exclamation of surprise at the resemblance, but the next moment, shook her head with an incredulous smile, apparently forgetting it. One day, however, she said to her.

"Do you know anything about your father, Emily?"

"I do not," replied the child. "I wish I could see him—I want a father," and she brushed away the gathering tears, adding, "my mother lives in Boston. Her name is Catherine Manning—she was never married."

Mrs. Gastone became very pale and murmured.

"It is not my fancy—there is a resemblance. Oh my God! if she should be *his* child! And yet how strange that he and Catherine never met in Boston. I will not believe it; no! it cannot be!"

CHAPTER IX. The two Meetings.

A year had passed since Mrs. Gastone deserted her luxurious home for the love of a stranger. Meanwhile, her broken-hearted husband had sought assiduously for her in that wilderness of houses and people. Once during the winter he had met Dr. Boyd and succeeded in bringing him before the proper authorities. Mr. Gastone could produce no evidence except his suspicions and the continued absence of his wife, and the Doctor was allowed to speak in his own defence.

Dr. Boyd stated that he had no secrets to preserve, his conduct—even his heart was open for inspection, and trusted that he should be able to prove himself what he really was—a man of unsullied honor; that the case of the gentleman was certainly a bad one—no one could sympathize with him more deeply than himself—but he was much mistaken in supposing himself to be the individual who had wronged him, though no doubt in the present distracted state of the gentleman's mind, he saw some slight, though he must consider it, very unfortunate resemblance; that, thank Heaven, he had never been a mute—on the contrary was always remarkable for his quickness of hearing and the perfection of his organs of speech; that he had never yet been blessed with a lady's love, and as to stealing children, he hoped at some future period to repose in the midst of a blooming family—but at present certainly he should consider them quite an incumbrance; last of all that the gentleman had styled him Dr. Boyd—an appellation to which he laid no claim whatever and still less to the distinguished title either of divinity or medicine—of both professions he was equally ignorant; that the name given him by his excellent mother was Cherson Prescott at their service—a name which had never been dishonored and he firmly believed never would be by him.

No positive evidence was brought against the base man and he was acquitted. How much influence a roll of bills which he very slyly slipped into the hand of one of his judges, had in this acquittal, we will not undertake to say; but the injured husband was advised to return home, collect his scattered senses, and not again attempt to condemn a stranger without evidence.

Without heeding in the slightest degree, this advice, Mr. Gastone walked directly to Dr. Boyd and said.

"You are a villain, you know it, and at this moment I declare before God that you have either murdered or concealed my wife and child. I cannot now force you to speak, but mark me—the hour will come, when upon your knees, you will beg for life. Go! hypocritical scoundrel! a curse, high as heaven, deep as hell and broad as eternity, rest upon you."

Dr. Boyd trembled in spite of his hitherto imperturbable coolness and was departing with an expression of assumed disdain, when Mr. Gastone

again sprang to him as if to grasp him by the throat—The instant they came in contact he started back exclaiming.

"No! I will not do you the kindness to kill you. Live on! Life itself will soon be a sufficient curse." Then regardless of the crowd which had collected about them, he walked slowly away saying to himself, "My wife! my child! Oh God! that I might once more press them to my bosom."

Dr. Boyd, though boiling with rage had actually trembled beneath the fiery eye and just imprecations of the man he had so cruelly wronged, and he now walked impatiently away muttering.

"He shall suffer for this, indeed he shall, the impudent rascal." Fearing that he was watched he did not return home till after dark, and then by a complicated and circuitous route. The dwelling which he entered was not the same in which we saw Mrs. Gastone some months before, but humble even mean in appearance. Three rooms—two of them sleeping apartments—comprised their present suite, and they procured their meals at a neighboring eating house. It was a sad mortification to the proud woman when told that they must reduce their establishment, but as they received no company, she consoled herself with the thought that change of place could not materially affect her. Her lover would still be with her, and though she could not but acknowledge that his presence gave her less pleasure than formerly, still she fancied—or at least hoped, that this would not last long. She endeavored to realize the visions of bliss which her imagination had pictured to her, when the world should no longer stand between herself and the object of her passion; but alas! too soon she found that they were the wildest dreams. It was some comfort that she had been allowed to retain Emily, for Ini loved her affectionately.

Then Dr. Boyd returned to his lodgings after his public interview with Mr. Gastone, he was in a state of irritability and excitement, to which he had never before yielded in her presence.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed she, as he entered the room where the tea was waiting for him.

"Matter!" replied he in a thundering voice, "I have been insulted to my face and you are the cause. Destruction and furies! I know not what prevented me from killing him on the spot."

"I the cause of what? Killed who?" she cried in terror, becoming deadly pale. "Pray talk to me so I can understand you, Walter."

"Your husband!" roared he in the greatest rage, "now do you understand me? Surely a man must be mad or a fool to raise such a row merely because his wife has gone. Two-thirds of the men would gladly rid themselves of their wives on any condition. I tell you, Bella, if it had not been for you, I should not have been insulted and cursed before an immense crowd of people; *you* are the cause. Do you comprehend?"

The terrified woman understood but too well. Fearing to irritate him still farther she replied not, but leaned her head upon the bosom of her child and wept violently. Insulted pride as well as outraged affection caused her tears.

"Crying forever! that's the way with women and children," he again exclaimed, angrily; but slightly recovering from this tempest of passion, he added, "Come Bella, give me some tea. I have not dined yet, thanks to this miserable business."

"Dear Walter," said she soothingly, for she loved best and always used the appellation he bore

upon their first acquaintance, "do not speak thus harshly to me. My husband loved me—doubtless loves me still. And oh! I know how his heart yearns to clasp his child once more to his bleeding bosom—I, who would give years of happiness to look again upon my boy. Oh! I can pity though I love him not."

"Madam, it appears to me that your pity is much misplaced; that I—who have this day been insulted and cursed by him who once claimed you—have the first claim upon your sympathy."

"My deep, earnest, soul-absorbing love, you have Walter. I have given myself wholly to you; can you ask more? My pity, I must bestow upon the husband by me made desolate, the child left to rest its weary head upon a stranger's bosom."

"I see no sense in all this," he replied again enraged. I tell you he has insulted me and from the depths of my soul I hate him. I have injured him, I know it, and for that, I hate him the more. I will yet have my revenge."

Bella approached and placing her hand upon his arm, said in a pleading tone.

"No more of this, I pray you; let us remove from the city and purchase a cottage by the seaside, secure from his intrusion, where we can live in quiet, and love on undisturbed by these vexatious occurrences."

"Go to— with your cottages and your quiet;" returned he in a towering passion, shaking her off roughly, "what! am I, a man of business, to do these? and again, where am I to get the money for these whims?"

"You have always told me Walter, that you were wealthy."

"Well madam, one often exaggerates.—I make no excuses; when one is in love, one is not apt to be very accurate in temporal and vulgar matters. As we are upon the subject of money, I will just say that I this morning pawned a part of this silver to pay a debt of honor, and shall soon be obliged to dispose of the remainder to satisfy our landlord. Do you understand me?" he added, perceiving that she replied not, but stood riveted to the floor, more like marble than a living being. Everything had flashed upon her at once, she had never dreamed that poverty could come to her. The revelation was a sudden one. The story of his wealth was then untrue; how far should she believe him?"

"Walter," said she at length in a tone of remonstrance, "I cannot consent to part with that silver; will you have the goodness to redeem it immediately?"

"You cannot consent! well, madam, and what if you cannot! who asked you to consent? Am I to take upon myself all the care and expense of living in this way, and you, like a sheltered dove, enjoy it without the least sacrifice?"

"The time was, Walter, when you deemed the sacrifice of my duties as a wife and mother for your sake, sufficient to secure your life-long happiness—I certainly did not anticipate being deprived of my personal rights."

"But the times are vastly altered, Madam; the wheel of fortune has turned and for the present we are underneath. With or without your consent, I shall take the liberty to send the broker's boy for the articles named in this list. I have the happiness to wish you a pleasant evening, madam. I shall not be at home to-night, and probably not to-morrow." Disguising himself as he frequently did, he immediately left the house.

About an hour afterwards a knock was heard at the door and Emily ushered into the parlor a lad with a large covered basket. Presenting the list, he said that he was "sent for that silver." Bella recognized the writing of her lover, and knowing that resistance was vain, preserved the paper and the card contained in it. When the boy had departed she carefully deposited them in her purse, which also contained a few small bills—the remnant of the money given her by her husband upon her departure. Having made these arrangements, she sent Emily with Ini to their bed-room, and burying her face in her hands, wept long and bitterly. She had sown a bed of thorns—could she expect to reap flowers therefrom? Of whom could she complain? Her lover? Had he not already seen her fail in her highest duties and obligations, and could she accuse him of unfaithfulness in these lighter ones? A new source of anxiety had arisen and aroused one of her strongest passions. Her lover had almost constantly of late requested of Emily those little personal attentions and services which had been her pleasure to perform and in various ways had established an intimacy with her which alarmed Mrs. Gastone. She trembled for the young and unsuspecting girl, and nothing but Emily's most charming and childlike innocence, prevented her from yielding to all the maddening fires of jealousy. She however decided upon sending her away as soon as she could procure a place for her and a substitute for herself. With these thoughts the night passed slowly away; she was too wretched to sleep.

Late the next evening Dr. Boyd returned highly excited and evidently having drunk to excess. He had recovered his spirits and displayed with childish eagerness and triumph the money he had won at play.

"I believe I was very harsh to you, Bella," he said, "life, and especially true love seldom runs smooth—there must be jars you know; won't mind it will you, Bella?" and he sought to take her hand and bestow upon her those caresses to which he had formerly accustomed her.—For the first time she involuntarily shrank from them. She could forgive him, but could not easily remove the impression left by his brutal violence. She replied gently,

"I pardon you Walter, on one condition—that there shall be no new renewal of these scenes."

"Oh, certainly not—certainly not," he replied, "but tell me my sweet Bella, are you never lonely when I am gone?"

"At times; I then long for some one beside me, on whom to lavish the love which thrills my soul and to whom to communicate the ten-thousand thoughts which constantly flit across my brain—in short, you know not how sincerely I desire your presence. You know that by sharing your life, I have removed myself from all other society."

"It is true," he replied in an accent of well feigned self-reproach; for he really wished for a reconciliation, "I leave you too much; you will grow weary of your life with me."

"Never!" exclaimed the passionate woman, her large, coal-black eyes resting lovingly upon him, "never, while you are true to me—while you love no other; should it be otherwise, I cannot tell what would be the consequences," and a flash of deep revenge darted from the dilated eye.

Peace and a degree of confidence was restored to Mrs. Gastone, and she felt much of her former love return. Her lover had moreover promised to

redeem those articles which he had pawned, and spoke of a removal from the city as quite probable.

The following day, as Mrs. Gastone walked quite leisurely through a retired street, a gentleman, who had followed her some distance, suddenly laid his hand upon her shoulder. Alarmed at what she conceived to be an insult, she hastily turned. Their eyes met and—"My wife—My husband," burst from their lips.—For an instant both were completely absorbed; then drawing her arm within his own, he said firmly,

"You do not leave me again," and proceeded to his boarding-house. Neither spoke upon the way, but leading her directly and silently to his own room he locked the door and the long-restrained anguish of his soul burst forth.

"Good God! Is it you Bella, that I behold! Is it my wife, the loved of my soul, her for whom I have spent so many sleepless nights and weary days? Is this not a deception? Look at me. Do you see that, though not yet thirty five, I am already an old man? My hair is growing white, the furrows are deep in my face, my limbs tremble and at my heart there is the blight of years, and this—all this—Bella, for you. If you but knew how utterly wretched my life has been, how in my soul's agony I cursed you—yes, you my loved one—how in the silent watches of the night I have called upon you to return, how my brain has been on fire when I thought of you reposing in the arms of another! Great God! I know not how my reason has been preserved through all. But you will not again leave me, Bella—you shall not, for I will watch you day and night," and the wretched man knelt at the feet of his wife and sobbed with all the intensity of a broken heart. One would have supposed that he was guilty, so tenderly did he entreat her never again to leave his presence.

The wife was subdued—overcome.—She could not be deceived. These were the tones of love, her heart yielded to them, and upon her knees she exclaimed,

"Forgive! Oh! forgive my cruel desertion—my long absence—my consenting to the deceit that was practised upon you. You should spurn me from you, close your doors and your heart against me. I am guilty. I deserve not your love but your pity—yes, that, for I have often been very wretched."

"You wretched!" he exclaimed, rising and looking in her face. "Yes, I see it; you are pale—haggard, and those eyes—those beautiful eyes that I so doated on, are sunken. O yes, you must have been miserable. Come now, that pays for all. I did sometimes fancy you might suffer, but then I thought you were so happy, you would forget me and our Leon, who has walked many whole days with me in search of you. You will not again leave us, Bella?"

"Can you indeed pardon and receive me?" she asked, in a subdued and humble voice. "I have offended in many, many things."

"Speak not of pardon—not of guilt.—What, to me, is life without you? Whose hand could I clasp in mine. For whose smile should I watch and never be weary? Whose love could I deem my own, when you are away? Oh! leave me not—return to my arms as you were wont and this wretched year shall be forgotten.—But, Bella, where is Ini—my precious child? Tell me quickly, for I must fly to her."

"You shall know all," she replied in a tone which

she in vain strove to render calm, "but first tell me is Catherine with you?"

"Yes, she would not be separated from Leon—but why?"

"Faithful creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Gastone, "but I must see her. Will you call her and you shall hear what I wish to say."

"But my child! my sweet Ini!" demanded he relapsing into sternness. "Do not again deceive me Bella."

"Oh my God! but this is my true punishment. I deserve it. I swear to you that if you will call Catherine, I will restore Ini to you? but I can at the same time perform a good deed which will somewhat atone for the errors I have committed."

Mr. Gastone convinced of her sincerity, rang and ordered the man who appeared, to send Catherine to him. She came immediately, surprised at the unusual summons, for weeks frequently passed in which Mr. G. scarcely spoke to her so absorbed was he in his grief. On seeing Mrs. Gastone, she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"You did not expect to see me, Catherine?"

"Certainly not—how could I? but I do rejoice to see you."

"Catherine," continued the lady, as calmly as her own agitation would permit, "do you know where your child is? Have you heard from her recently?"

"It is a long time since I had a letter, but I suppose she is with my sister in the country; but please tell me why you ask these questions? there is such a throbbing at my heart, as if something unusual were going to take place."

"Never mind now Catherine, but answer me truly."

"My child! my child?" again interposed Mr. Gastone, in agony at this delay.

"Have a moment's patience with me Adrian," replied his wife in a tone of entreaty. Then turning to Catherine, demanded, "Has she black hair very soft and fine, dark eyes and a fair brown complexion?"

"Oh yes."

"And her name—"

"Is Emily Manning," interrupted Catherine, who stood pale and trembling with excitement. "Do you know anything of her?"

"She must be your child. Yes Catherine Emily, has been with me several months and I left her with my little Ini about two hours since. Will you go for them. I will give you the necessary directions." Catherine, nearly beside herself, darted to the door; in an instant Mr. Gastone caught her arm saying,

"Stop a moment. I will order a carriage and will accompany you. It is impossible for me to wait your return."

Mrs. Gastone, entreated him not to leave her, assuring him that Catherine could find the children without difficulty, and in half an hour Ini would be in his arms. He hesitated between his anxiety to go and his strong disinclination to part with his wife. The struggle was severe but soon over. Despatching Anthony—their giant footman—with Catherine in case of any resistance, he persuaded himself to remain, but constantly paced the room in the greatest agitation, pausing now and then to clasp his wife in his arms, till some bitter recollection caused him to start from the embrace and holding her at arm's length, gazed fixedly into her face murmuring, "you have been miserable, yes,

I see it." At every sound he started and sprang to the door to meet his child. At last she was in his arms—clasped to his bosom and he wept over her. Catherine, too, was weeping over a handsome girl to whom this scene was a mystery.

Mrs. Gastone determined that at all events her husband should not go to the place of her late abode, had trembled lest Dr. Boyd should by some means prevent their departure, but as he was usually absent at this hour, she hoped for the best. Strange, inconsistent woman! even with the tears, the powerful agitation, the altered features of her husband before her—all of which revealed unnumbered hours of anguish—still she thought of her lover, and wished that she had sent a line to give the cause of her absence.—She was conscious of a strange, unaccountable sensation of relief in removing Emily from his presence. She was infatuated! Why cared she now, on whom his love was bestowed!

Catherine meanwhile took her daughter to her own room, that she might converse with her freely. She learned that Emily had often been carressed by Dr. Boyd in the absence from the room of Mrs. G. and with the simplicity of a child she was already much attached to him.

"Thank God! just in time to save my child!" she exclaimed, again embracing her. "We will be no more parted, and tears started afresh at the story of her trials and her wrongs in the house of her aunt.

That night, as had been long ago her custom, Mrs. Gastone sat by the bedside of her sleeping children. She was, *for the time*, truly humble and penitent, and her heart bled for the injuries she had inflicted. Her husband came and drew her away, for he was unwilling that she should leave his presence even a moment. Had her life been one constant scene of the most exalted virtue—a continued series of noble deeds or of sincere devotion to him, he could not have been more kindly affectionate. He held her hands in his own, leaned his head upon her shoulder, and seemed like one after a long and wearisome journey seeking repose in the friendship of his only friend.

"Adrian," whispered she in a low sweet voice, "assure me once more that you do wholly forgive me. Am I the same to you as before—a wife?"

"Bella, my own Bella, why do you speak of it. You have erred, but you have suffered too. All is forgotten.—Earth contains for me no greater treasure than yourself." Their re-union was consecrated by a cordial embrace and mutually flowing tears.

When Catherine went to the late residence of Mrs. Gastone for their children, the lady had requested her to take a basket and bring away the remainder of the silver plate, giving her directions where to find it. When the confusion attending their return had somewhat subsided, she related to her husband respecting the pawning of a part of it. Happily, she had the list and the card with her. The following day he redeemed it, and she had once more the pleasure of seeing it entire. Mr. Gastone immediately procured a house, furnished it in a splendid style, that his wife might have her every wish gratified, and in a few days they removed to it. Meanwhile, however, many circumstances occurred which will soon be revealed.

A somewhat singular circumstance had occurred to Emily which was omitted in its due place. While playing with Ini about the windows and doors of

the rooms occupied by Dr. Boyd and Mrs. Gastone, Emily had frequently seen loitering about the street near the house, a young man, tall muscular, with a countenance singularly bold and daring. She was too ignorant of the world to have a thought of fearing him, and a feeling, to her new and inexplicable, prevented her from mentioning it. She at length began to expect and watch for his appearance, and was disappointed when he came not. At times, when she stood by the window, he would lean, with arms folded and face partly shaded by his hat, against the opposite building and gaze steadily at her for moments. Not deeming herself an object of attraction, she only wondered why he came so often, and sometimes had a passing wish to address some word of kindness to him. But he gave her no opportunity for this.

The absence of this unknown individual, who silently and unconsciously to herself, was drawing thus early from her young heart, its first, fresh notes of love, was the only cause for sorrow in her removal; and when her mother inquired the cause of her occasional sadness, she communicated with childish simplicity the history of this new and silent friendship.

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

ELOQUENCE.

ELOQUENCE has been defined, "Speaking with fluency," a more correct definition would be "speaking with feeling;" for it does not consist so much in uttering well chosen words with an unhesitating and nicely modulated voice, as in expressing the sentiments of the heart in such a manner as nature dictates.

The speaker who regulates every gesture by a fixed rule, and whose intonations and postures are all studied and practised beforehand, cannot be truly eloquent. All warmth of feeling is in this case swallowed up in the desire to appear to good advantage; and this eagerness and anxiety to make a grand display is the very cause of failure. In order to produce a deep impression and to be truly eloquent, the orator must lose sight of his audience and himself—he must forget every thing besides his subject; then he will speak as nature prompts. Unless he can do this, his finest sentiments and most highly polished periods will be uttered without force or effect; his smooth diction will glide as smoothly over the unruffled sensibilities of his hearers as it does from his own lips; and his labored gestures will labor in vain when they strive to impart warmth or force to language, in the utterance of which the heart is not concerned.

Feeling is to eloquence what the spirit is to the body—it cannot exist without it. True, there may be a semblance, a mock-counterfeit, a cold inanimate form, but the vivifying principle, that which alone give beauty and majesty will be wanting, and its place can never be supplied by artificial means.

Eloquence is the poetry of speech. The emotions which fill the mind of the orator while his highest powers are in vigorous action, are the same that swell and burn in the bosom of the poet when the profoundest stores of his intellect are flowing forth in strains of sweetest melody. He who is really eloquent in speech, is therefore a poet in spirit.

The power of eloquence is acknowledged by all,

and its workings in society not unfrequently display themselves on a grand and extensive scale. Who has not felt his heart beat with a quicker throb while under the magic influence of this potent charmer? Who has not wiped the tear-drop from his eye while listening to the heart-melting words of the man of eloquence? It is not alone by his language and tone that the speaker produces these effects. He has an appropriate gesture for every sentiment, and an expression of countenance adapted to every emotion. His whole soul seems engaged in every sentence he utters. There is majesty and grandeur in his whole mien. Every word has its force and weight, every movement its meaning, and every emotion which fills his own mind is depicted on the features of his auditors. A volume of expression is stamped in his very looks.

"Thunder gathers on his brow,
Lightning flashes from his eye."

There is no charm which can so insinuate itself into the feelings, no impulse so powerful to arouse the passions, and no balm so soothing to affliction as eloquence. It infuses energy into the enervate, it soothes the turbulent to repose; it makes heroes of cowards, and cowards of heroes; it enlightens the ignorant, it bewilders the wise; it seduces innocence, it makes the guilty virtuous; it creates meriment, it calls forth floods of tears; it kindles the dying embers of hope, it sinks the brightest prospects into despair. There is no heart, which it cannot reach, no passion which it cannot call into action or calm into quiet. It is used in all nations, among all classes, and for all purposes. It is the magic wand of the politician, the mighty engine of the reformer, the potent lever of the statesman, and the holy sceptre of the divine. VALGIUS.

Greenport, N. Y. October, 1846.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

For the Rural Repository.

LONDON.

No. 7.

The Polytechnic Institution—the oxy-hydrogen Microscope—Chemical lecture—Large room—Reservoir—Models—Atmospheric railway—Diving bell—Dissolving views—Madam Tussaud's exhibition of wax-work—Napoleon Collection—Military carriage—Relics, &c.

Among the various places of amusement in London, there are few where the evening can be passed more agreeable than in the Polytechnic Institution in Regent street.

Instruction and amusement are so blended that it would puzzle a philosopher to define their respective territories.

Printing presses are at work in the Entrance Hall, from which we ascend to an upper room where the evenings exhibition commences with the oxy-hydrogen Microscope; the instrument by which the minute phenomena of animate and inanimate matter is presented to the cognizance of the senses with a vividness and perfection bordering on the miraculous; or which would have been considered so a few years ago; the eye of a fly is so magnified as to cover an area of nearly 40 square feet; the animalcule from a drop of water appeared of different sizes, from 2 to 3 feet in length, the bodies of some were so transparent that the bodies of the others could be distinctly seen through them; and the motion of the internal organization distinctly perceived.

We next went to the Chemical room, where the lecturer delivered a very lucid discourse on air and

the purposes it subserves in the animal economy illustrated with experiments.

The large room of the Institution next claimed our attention; the central part of the floor is occupied by a reservoir of water about 40 feet long and 10 or 12 feet wide, the top is about 3 feet above the floor, in it are placed various models of vessels, light-houses, life-buoys, &c. at the upper end of the reservoir is a large circular well, deep enough to allow the diving bells to descend.

A gallery surrounds the room in which seats are placed for the spectators; and an excellent company of musicians occupy the orchestra during the intervals of the experiments.

At the lower end of the room a number of models of the steam engine are in operation: and several other specimens of mechanism and art occupy both sides of the room.

A number of persons were conveyed, three at a time, down the length of the room by a model of the Atmospheric Railway. Afterwards the Diving Bell was put in operation; it was suspended and moved by a crane, worked by four men; prompted by curiosity I went and obtained a seat in the bell, but it was anything but pleasant, after we got to the bottom; the feeling caused by the density of the air is painful and oppressive, and it was quite a relief when the bell began to ascend.

We next adjourned to another room where the Dissolving Views were exhibited, consisting of scenes and landscapes, from all parts of the world, among which were six from the coast of Oregon. Before the preceding view had vanished, another came on; the one slowly approaching and the other gradually receding till it finally disappears; hence their name *Dissolving* views.

The exhibition closed with the Thaumatrope, an amusing performance; thus forming a rational course of amusement alike fit for old or young; and which depends on no false excitement or perverted imagination for its success; like too many of the places of amusement in the Metropolis.

Madame Tussaud, Baker street, Portman square, has collected at considerable expense a great collection of curiosities; among which is her unrivalled wax-work exhibition and the relics of Napoleon.

On first entering the wax-work saloon the eye of the stranger can hardly distinguish in the crowd before him, the spurious from the real; the imitation of life from life itself, but a close view soon reveals the distinction; among those which help to confuse the visitor is the figure of the proprietress Madame Tussaud and William Cobbett the political Economist, he sits on one of the seats appropriated to the visitors, and holds a pair of spectacles in his hand the case of which is placed on the floor to induce some unlucky wight to pick them up and offer them to him, he seems engaged in examining a group of wax-work and what more favors the deception he moves his head every few minutes and looks around him.

There are several groups, which are rendered interesting by the associations connected with the history of the persons they represent. One of the groups represents the members of the House of Brunswick from the time of George I. till the present period. Another represents the coronation of Victoria. A third group represents the most celebrated characters of the French War including the members of the Holy Alliance.

This presents more historic interest than any of the others. On the left side of the group is Bona-

part supported by Ney, Murat and Prince Talleyrand and behind stands Roustan the favourite Mamaluke. On the right side is the emperor of Austria seated, and surrounded by the king of Prussia, the brave Blucher, with Alexander late Emperor of Russia, offering on behalf of the allied Monarchs, the kingdom of France.

Napoleon's reply is characteristic of the man, grasping that sword which opened the road to the highest pinnacle of renown, he points to his favorite eagle, determining never to submit, but to fulfil his destiny.

It would be tedious to the reader to describe all the groups in the room, but, I cannot help remarking, that after the eye has wandered over groups of Statesmen, Kings, Emperors and Warriors, all in the sumptuous dresses of their respective courts, the eye rests with positive pleasure on the plain but commanding figure of George Washington, standing alone, attired in a suit of black velvet.

The Napoleon collection is contained in two rooms and is composed of various relics and trophies, which have been in the possession of this great Hero, (for so it is customary to style a wholesale murderer,) most of the articles here exhibited are rendered interesting by the associations connected with them.

Some of the articles were sold at public auction, on the Restoration, several belonged to Prince Lucien and many were obtained after the battle of Waterloo and from the Isle of St. Helena.

Most conspicuous is the celebrated Military carriage of Napoleon in which he made the campaign of Russia and which was captured by the Prussians after the battle of Waterloo and sent with the officer who took it, to the Prince Regent, (since Geo. IV.) from whom it was purchased by Mr. Bullock, for £2500, nearly \$12000.

It is not a very showy carriage, but is strongly built and remarkable for its interior fittings. I was allowed to sit in it and examine the numerous drawers, boxes, desk, &c. in the interior: there is also a complicated dressing case which was taken with the carriage and was presented to the emperor by Marie Louise on his departure for Russia, and the traveling case in which was carried the Mat-trass, Pillows, &c. of Napoleon who sometimes slept in the carriage.

In the same room is a superb bust of Napoleon by Canova and a series of engravings representing scenes from his life.

In the shrine of Napoleon or the Golden Chamber on a small table being a copy of the one on which he signed his abdication at Fountainbleau, is placed the sword worn and used by Napoleon, during his campaign in Egypt; it was presented by Prince Louis Napoleon to Dr. O'Meara, in testimony of his grateful sense of Dr. O'Meara's attentions to the emperor at St. Helena. There is also the coronation robe of Napoleon sold at the restoration of Louis XVIII. by the Abbe Conolini, from the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The coronation robe of the empress Josephine accompanies it; on the occasion of the coronation the train of this robe was borne by four Queens.

The celebrated camp bed used by Napoleon during 7 years at St. Helena, is in this room, with it are the mattresses and pillow on which he died and on which he is represented as lying in State in his Chasseurs Uniform covered with the cloak he wore at Marengo. In it he lay in soldier's glory and it served as his Pall to the Grave.

MISCELLANY.

PROFANE SWEARER NONPLUSSED.

IN Schoharie County there lives a man whose addiction to swearing is such that his name has become a by-word and a reproach, but by some internal thermometer, he so graduates his oaths as to make them apply to the peculiar case in hand; the greater the mishap or cause for anger, the stronger and more frequent his adjurations. His business is that of a gatherer of ashes, which he collects in small quantities and transports in an ox cart. Upon a recent occasion, having by dint of great labor succeeded in filling the vehicle, he started for the ashery, which stands at the brow of a steep hill; and it was not until he reached the door that he noticed, winding its tortuous course down the long declivity, a line of white ashes, while something short of a peck remained in the cart. "The dwellers by the way-side and they that tarried there" had assembled in great force, expecting an unusual anathemal display. Turning however to the crowd the unfortunate man heaved a sigh, and simply remarked: "Neighbors, it's no use; *I can't do justice to the subject!*"—*Knickerbocker.*

EARLY LOVE.

THE love of boys and girls is an object on which gray-bearded men vent much spleen and scorn; but depend upon it, reader, where it exists in reality, it is the sweetest thing that ever life knows; it is the violet of our short year of existence. The rose is beautiful, richer in hues, full of perfume and brightness, as she flaunts her gay bosom in the ardent sun of June; but give me the violet, the dear early violet, that scents with her odorous breath the air of unconfined Spring; the soft, the timid violet, retreating from the gaze with her blue eye cast down; the first sweet child of the sweetest season; the tenderest, the gentlest of all the flowers of the field, the emblem of earnest and innocent affection.

No, there is nothing like it! In all after years we may lay our hand upon what joy we will—pure and innocent it must be, to bear the comparison for a moment—but I say, we may lay our hand upon what joy we will in after existence, we shall never find anything like the first flower of the heart.

GETTING 'EM MIXED.

WE once heard an old fellow, famous all over the country for his tough yarns, tell the following. He was telling what heavy wheat he had seen in the State of New York:—

"My father," said he, "had a field of wheat, the heads of which were so close together that the wild turkeys, when they came to eat it, could walk round on the top of it anywhere."

We suggested that the turkeys must have been small ones.

"No sir!" continued he; "they were very large ones. I shot one of them one day, and when I took hold of his legs to carry him, his head dragged in the snow behind me!"

"A curious country you must have had, to have snow in harvest time!"

"Well, I declare," said he, looking a little foolish, "I have got a part of two stories mixed."

AN ENEMY'S COURTESY.

WHEN the Crusaders under King Richard of England, defeated the Saracens, the Sultan, seeing his troops fly, asked what was the number of the Christians who were making all this slaughter? He was told, King Richard and his men, and that they were on foot. "Then," said the Sultan, "God forbid, that such a noble fellow as King Richard should march on foot," and sent him a noble charger. The messenger took it and said "Sire, the Sultan sends you this charger that you may not be on foot." The King was as cunning as his enemy, and ordered one of his squires to mount him in order to try him. The squire obeyed; but the animal proved fiery; and the squire being unable to hold him in, he sped to the Sultan's pavilion. The Sultan expected that he had got King Richard; and was not a little mortified to discover his mistake.—*Vt. Temp. Herald.*

HANDSOME MEN.—Somebody justly remarks that if you are ever threatened with a handsome man in the family, just take a clothes pounder, while he's yet in the bud, and batter his nose to a pumice. From some cause or other, handsome men are invariably numskulls; they cultivate their hair and complexion so much, that they have no time to think of their brains. By the time they reach thirty their head and hands are equally soft. Again we say if you wish to find an intellectual man, just look for one with a face so rough that you might use it for a nutmeg-grater.

"MOTHER," said a little boy in our presence the other day. "I've got such a bad headache and sore throat too." "Have you, my dear?" asked the mother, "well you shall have some medicine." "It's no matter," retorted the shrewd urchin, "I've got 'em—but they don't hurt me."

"I WILL not kill thee," said a stout Quaker whom a highwayman had stopped on the road, "but I will hold thy head under the water till thy breath departs from thy body."

TRUE.—He who speaks lightly of female society is a numskull or a knave—the former not having sense enough to discern its benefits, and the latter hating the restraint it lays on his vices.

"PETER, what are you drawing?" said a school painter to his pupil.

"A house and pig, sir."

"Well, where's the pig?"

"Behind the house, sir!"

TONGUE.—The mysterious membrane that turns thought into sound. Drink is its oil—eating its drag-chain.

WOMEN deal largely in secrets. We've heard of a secret down in Portland, which was so big that it required all the women in town to keep it; and then they could not do it without the help of their husbands.

"Do you keep an album Julia?" said the mistress of a boarding-school to one of her pupils, a young girl fresh from the country. "No ma'm," said Julia, "but mother keeps a dairy."

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1846.

SANDER'S PICTORIAL PRIMER.

A NEW candidate for the favor of little folks. We have examined the work and consider it one of the easiest plans to teach the young how to read and understand, that has ever been before the public. Every lesson has an engraving representing the subject on which the child is reading; which in our estimation makes it easier, and more interesting to the young beginner. The book is designed as an introduction to "Sander's First Book." Price 12½ cents.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WE cannot furnish any of the first 13 numbers of Volume 22d, as we are in want of them ourselves, and will allow 50 cents for them; or, 6 cents each, for Nos. 4, 7 and 9; and 3 cents each, for Nos. 2, 5, 10 and 11. We can supply any from No. 14 to the end of the Volume.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. Z. Morrisville N. Y. \$5.00; E. C. S. Earlville, N. Y. \$5.00; P. W. Lawrenceville N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. L. B. Sheffield, Ms. \$9.25; J. B. F. Rhinebeck, N. Y. \$0.75; Miss N. G. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; Mrs. M. A. R. Middlefield, N. Y. \$1.00; W. J. C. Pompey, N. Y. \$3.00; W. L. F. Deposit, N. Y. \$1.00; M. S. P. Oxford, N. Y. \$1.00; H. M. D. Broad Brook, Ct. \$3.00; J. C. T. Fulton, N. Y. \$2.00; J. M. Greenport, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. A. Hamilton, N. Y. \$1.00; A. C. Crown Point, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss N. M. Barre Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; B. W. West Berkshire, \$1.00; H. A. & R. W. B. Perry, N. Y. \$1.00; A. M. S. Pittsfield, Ms. \$1.00; A. H. M. Salisbury, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss P. S. York, N. Y. \$1.00; H. M. B. Westfield, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. M. New Haven, East Mills, Vt. \$1.00; J. F. S. Amherst College, Mass. \$1.00; M. S. S. Black Brook, N. Y. \$0.75; L. C. Y. Brookfield, N. Y. \$3.00; O. D. New-York City, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 18th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. Henry I. Mattoon, of New Haven, Conn. to Miss Mary Maxwell, of this city.

On the 13th inst. by his Honor the Mayor, R. G. Frary, Mr. Oliver Coleman, of Nantucket, to Miss Matilda Bunker, daughter of David R. Bunker, of Greenport, Col. Co. N. Y.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Bainbridge, Mr. Nelson Crips, to Miss Julia Ann Way, both of Hudson.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Bainbridge, Mr. James P. Simmons, of Chicopee Falls, to Miss Almira Chevalier of Cairo.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Bainbridge, Mr. William Simmons, to Miss Jane Chevalier, both of Chicopee Falls.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Bainbridge, Mr. John Hardick, to Mrs. Mary Ann Hall, both of Hudson.

On the 15th inst. at Christ Church, by the Rev. Mr. Tuttle, Mr. George H. White, of Albany, to Miss Mary S. Tobey, of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. William Galbraith to Miss Helen Moore, both of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Ira C. Boice, Mr. John Sagen-dorpe, to Miss Mary Jane Sharp, both of Claverack.

May this young happy couple, by Hymen united
Inherit the pleasure "sweet Love" shall unfold;
And live on—and love on—each warm wish requited;
Enjoying more bliss than the sunniest hath told.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Ira C. Boice, Mr. Benjamin H. Thompson, of Harlemville, to Miss Harriet E. Ludington, of Malden.

In Troy on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Washburn, Mr. James N. Townsend, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Travel, of the former place.

In Mellenville, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hinrod, Asahel C. Daniels, to Miss Eve Wells, grand-daughter of Mr. Henry Pitcher.

At Plainfield, Otsego Co. N. Y. on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Holcomb, of East Windfield, Mr. Reed Alonzo Stillson, to Miss Mary Ann Tracy, both of the former place. Also Mr. Benjamin Dwight Weeks, of Uten, to Miss Harriet Amanda Tracy, also of Plainfield, the daughters of Silas Tracy Esq.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 16th inst. Sarah Jane Potts, in her 19th year.

On Saturday evening, the 24th inst. Mr. Daniel Newbery, in the 77th year of his age. Mr. N. came to this city when a boy and was one of its oldest and most respected inhabitants. The cause of his death was occasioned by a fall a few days previous.

On the 7th inst. at Oak Hill, in the 24th year of his age, John H. Livingston, son of Herman Livingston, Esq.

At the residence of his mother, near Hudson, on the 25th inst. Augustus Fleming, eldest son of James Fleming, deceased.

On board the steamer North Bend, on the 24th ult. Mrs. Sarah Hardwick, formerly of Hudson, N. Y.—*Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer, Sept. 25.*



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR;

Or, Young Johnny Ran.

YOUNG JOHNNY determined a courting to go,
At the house of a neighbor old Billy Keneer,
Who had a sweet daughter admired by each beau,
A lovely young lass worth Ten Thousand a Year.

So he drest himself up in his handsomest style,
And truly, young Johnny quite gay did appear;
And he turned from his glass with a flattering smile,
At the thoughts of obtaining Ten Thousand a Year.

And he sallied abroad in his breeches of blue,
With his reasoning faculties quite out of gear;
While castles and palaces rose to his view,
All built up with ease from Ten Thousand a Year.

Arrived at her dwelling he found her alone,
And "now" thought young Johnny, "I've nothing to fear,
My business with her I will quickly make known,
And I'll win a sweet bride worth Ten Thousand a Year."

So he opened his heart in a business-like way,
With some things which none except lovers might hear,
And asked if 'twas true as he'd heard people say,
That she really was worth her Ten Thousand a Year.

Indignant she rose and she opened the door,
And she gave him a hearty warm box on the ear,
While Johnny his length measured out on the floor,
Dispelling the charm of Ten Thousand a Year.

Soon he picked himself up and he made for the street,
With an oath on his lips and his hand on his ear,
And from that time to this not a friend can he meet,
But will greet him a hearty "Ten Thousand a Year."
Middlebury, Vt. 1846. A. H. M.

For the Rural Repository.

RETURN OF THE BROKEN-HEART.

BY THE PRIVATE SCHOLAR.

My mother! oh, my mother!
I come to thee to die,
With sorrow at my panting heart—
My happy days gone by.
Oh, let me lay my aching head
Once more upon thy breast,
And breathe my soul out meekly there,
Where early I was blessed!

My mother! oh, my mother!
Dost thou not know thy child?
Has grief so changed the form, that once
Thy happier days beguiled?
And, mother! dearest mother!
Oh, breathe no chiding word!
If pale and desolate I return,
'Twas *he*, not I that erred.

The spring-time of my youth, mother!
And all its smiles are told;
My early friends, the good, the fair,
The faithful, now are cold;
And life is dark with storms for me,
My pleasing hopes are o'er;
The gentle lute, the wild-wood song,
Will move this heart no more.

I'm weary of my days, mother!
Oh, soothe thy stricken dove!
The world is but a stranger—land—
It hath no tender love.
The wounded bird, to breathe its last,
To its own shade doth fly;
And thus, with bleeding heart, I too
Return to thee to die!

Starkville, Herkimer Co. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

THE FLOWERS.

BY ISAAC COBB.

OH! where are the flowers, the beautiful flowers,
That bloomed in the valleys, the woods, and the bowers?
No more we behold them, at even or morn,
Rejoicing the spirit, when sad and forlorn.

Alas! for the flowers, their glory has fled;
Their fragrance around us no longer is shed;
Of late we beheld them wherever we strayed,
But now is all nature in sadness arrayed.

The Tulip, the Lilac, the Violet blue,
'Tis vain that we seek in the place where they grew;
The Rose and the Lily, alas! are no more,
They faded and died ere the Summer was o'er.

The Aster, that chanced in September to blow,
With the Dahlia and Larkspur, in ruin lies low;
While others with lovely and delicate form,
Survive but to fall mid the rage of the storm.

The beautiful flowers will blossom no more,
Till Spring the dominion of beauty restore;
For Winter is coming the sceptre to sway,
And naught he will suffer as gentle as they.

But let us remember in moments of sorrow,
Instead of indulging in dreams of the morrow,
The lessons our Maker designed they should give,
That joy and contentment be ours while we live.
Gorham, Maine, 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MY FRIEND, * * B.

BY REV. E. W. REYNOLDS.

THOU did'st seek a gem of modest worth,
To deck thine own sweet home;
And lo! from a pleasant vale of earth,
The sought and won doth come!

Thou hast mingled with the gay and proud,
With bearing free and bold;
But one like *her* amid that crowd,
Thou never did'st behold.

Thou hast gazed full oft in Beauty's face,
And known Love's magic spell;
But thou did'st not know the tenderness,
Which *now* thy heart-string swell.

'Twas not the form of angel mould,
That thou did'st crave of Fate;
'Twas not a dower of paltry gold,
Or one of earth's crowned great.

But 'twas the *soul* that could impart,
Its sympathies abroad,
And pierce with love the selfish heart,
And raise the Faith to God!

'Twas one who might with spirit eye,
View all life's gathering storms;
And in the Future still descry,
Protection's out-stretched arms!

It was a pure, confiding heart,
That might repose in thee,
Its holy trust—its joys impart,
And rest secure and free.

Friend thou dost hold the gentle flower,
That liveth but to bless!
Welcome thou art, tho' rich the dower—
Thy soul claimed nothing less!
Nettle Hill, Chautauque Co. 1846.

For the Rural Repository

LINES

Inscribed to Mrs. W. on the death of her infant son, who
seemed inconsolable at her loss

CEASE thy regrets fond Mother, cease

"Shed not the bitter tear;"

Thy infant boy now rests in peace,
In a far brighter sphere.

Grieve not he's taken from this world,
Of sin, and woe, and care;
Before he e'er knew what it was
In Earth's vile scenes to share,

I saw him pillowed on thy breast,
And for thee I fain he'd live,
Yet he has found a dearer rest,
Which naught but Heaven could give.

And there with all the ransomed throng,
Around Jehovah's throne,
He mingles in their sweetest song,
There sin is never known.

Care now will ne'er becloud his brow,
Or sorrow dim his eye;
"Fitter by far it is, and best,
That he should dwell on high."

Then mourn no more, he dwells in bliss,
Freed from all care and pain;
And in a better world than this,
Thou'lt meet thy boy again,

B. M. B.

Jara Village, N. Y. 1846.

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1846.

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